

*The second part of*

cate it.

*Prince* Thats to make him cate twenty of his words, but do you vse me, thus Ned? must I marrie your sister?

*Poynes* God send the wench no worfe fortune, but I neuer said so.

*Prince* Wel, thus we play the fooles with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clowdes and mocke vs, is your master here in London?

*Bard.* Yea my Lord.

*Prince* Where sups he? doth the old boare feede in the old Franke?

*Bard.* At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheape.

*Prince* VVhat companie?

*Boy* Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

*Prince* Sup any women with him?

*Boy* None my lord, but old mistris Quickly, and mistris Doll Tere-sheet.

*Prince* VVhat Pagan may that be?

*Boy* A proper gentlewoman sir, and a kinswoman of my masters.

*Prince* Euen such kinne as the parish Heicfors are to the towne bull, shall we steale vpon them Ned at supper?

*Poynes* I am your shadow my Lord, ile follow you.

*Prince* Sirra, you boy and Bardolfe, no worde to your master that I am yet come to towne; theres for your silence.

*Bar.* I haue no tongue sir.

*Boy* And for mine sir, I will gouerne it.

*Prince* Fare you well: go, this Doll Tere-sheete should be some rode.

*Poynes* I warrant you, as common as the way between S. Albons and London.

*Prince* How might we see Falstaffe bestow himself to night in his true colours, and not our selues be seene?

*Poynes* Put on two letherne ierkins and aprons, and waite vpon him at his table as drawers.

*Prince* From a god to a bul, a heavy descension, it was Iones case

*Henry the f*

case, from a pince to a prentise, a love be mine, for in enery thing the pur folly, follow me Ned.

*Enter Northumberland his wife, and*

*North.* I pray thee louing wife and Giue euen way vnto my rough affa Put not you on the visage of the tim And be like them to Percy trouble

*Wife* I haue giuen ouer, I will Do what you wil, your wisdom

*North.* Alas sweete wife, my ho And but my going, nothing can re

*Kate* O yet for Gods sake. go n The time was father, that you brok

When you were more endeere to i When your owne Percie, when my

Threw many a Northward looke, Bring vp his powers, but he did lo

Who then perswaded you to stay There were two honors lost, your

For yours, the God of heauen brig For his, it stucke vpon him as the f

In the grey vault of heauen, and by Did all the Cheualry of England

To do braue acts, he was indeede Wherein the noble youth did dres

*North.* Beshrew your heart, Faire daughter, you do draw my s

With new lamenting ancient ouer But I must go and meete with da

Or it will seeke me in an other pla And find me worfe prouided.

*Wife* O flie to Scotland, Till that the nobles and the arme

Haue of their puilance made a li *Kate* If they get ground and v